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CUMBRIAN CAROLS

AND OTHER POEMS

BY JOHN DENWOOD





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CUMBRIAN CAROLS

AND OTHER POEMS.

By JOHN DENWOOD

(1845-1890.)

*Author of "The Cumbrian Brothers," "Bogle Willy,"
and "Poems on Various Subjects."*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
FREDERICK ROCKELL.

LONDON: BEMROSE AND SONS, LTD.
CARLISLE: G. AND T. COWARD, FISHER STREET.

1907.

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TO

THE REV. CANON H. D. RAWNSLEY, M.A.,

VICAR OF CROSTHWAITE,

KESWICK.

PREFACE.

In selecting the following poems from a larger body of unpublished work, I hope I have chosen well.

Should these meet with a favourable reception, it would be a task of love and pleasure to me to arrange for the press my father's complete poetical works.

To those who have helped me so willingly my best thanks are given.

J. M. D.



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INTRODUCTION

TRAGEDY is the key-note of the life of JOHN DENWOOD, poet. Ushered into the world in a rude one-roomed cottage, from which the winds that sweep the Cumberland moors round Cocker-mouth had blown in the door, he never succeeded in dispelling the cloud of poverty which hung, threatening, over the heads of the humble weavers, who were his parents. But many a poet has been cradled in poverty; many a sweet singer, like the unfortunate author of "Home, Sweet Home," has been friendless and homeless; and this weaver's son, if not homeless, was inured to penury. Before reaching his eleventh birthday, when he should still have been attending school, what time he was not

roaming his native moors, his parents apprenticed him to the trade of a tailor. Thus heavily handicapped, his education was of the most meagre description, and when at the age of eighteen he married Elizabeth Marley, and soon had a young family growing up around him, a life of unremitting toil became a stern necessity. But as he tells us—

“ E'en abject want could not completely dry
 The Heliconian fountains in his breast,
 Though crazed with song, and crushed with penury.
 And that deep gloom which breaks the poet's rest,
 Cursed with a gift by which he should be blest,
 Oh ! how can the poor poet cease to sing ?
 He who is made to sing at heaven's behest,
 And in whose soul is Poesy's deep spring,
 Well'd up, part of his being, an eternal thing,
 Well'd up to overflowing, how can he,
 However want may gnaw his mortal part,
 Stem song, which stemm'd would make him cease to be ?
 Song will have vent or burst the poet's heart,
 And from his breast in broken murmurs start.”

While working on the beard he would sing or recite the songs that surged in his brain. And so, five years after his marriage, he issued his first volume of poems. Although they shewed great promise, the little book did not bring him fame.

There was, indeed, as the poet afterwards recognized, much in it that was immature, while his lyrical gift had not yet attained to its fullest expression. Also he made the mistake, which he afterwards repeated, of engaging in forms unsuited to his genius, a mistake which a greater than he, also of the Lakes, had made before him. But even in this early volume we see that, like Wordsworth, he was a real poet of nature. Indeed, when he is describing natural scenes, he rarely fails to write with distinction and power. Here, taken almost at random from this volume, are a few passages which illustrate his felicity in describing nature:—

“ Apollo sinks in purple robes to rest,
 And night advancing spreads a twilight shade,
 Each warbling bird steals mutely to its nest,
 And sheep and kine along the plains are laid,
 O’er which, in childhood’s happy hours I strayed.

* * * *

Like golden gems, stars decked the skies.
 While thousands lay with slumbering eyes.

* * * *

By this time I had reached a wood,
 Where trees all bare and ghostly stood ;

And at the side a foaming lake,
 That swift dissolv'd the falling flake.
 The wind, among the lifeless trees,
 Just murmured like a thousand bees.

* * * *

Loud swells the tempest with the wailing cry,
 While hail and flame come dancing from the north.
 And bellowing thunder shakes the wintry sky.
 She, wildly weeping, pours these numbers forth.

* * * *

Thro' fields and shady groves his pathway laid,
 Where heavy night-dews press'd each grassy blade,
 The whispering breezes puffed serenely by,
 And stars in myriads glow'd along the sky.
 The placid moon, from her meridian sphere,
 Through limpid air now shone serenely clear,
 Like silver, gilding drops of slumbering dew,
 That o'er the plains a spangled mantle threw.

In 1885, he published "The Cumbrian Brothers : or, How we raise the Revenue." This poem was written to shew that neither the impassioned and erratic man of genius, nor he of sober, even plodding industry, is proof against the worst calamities following in the train of alcohol, so long as he is

found to tamper with it, and that even the innocent, the most temperate and faithful, in the forms of broken-hearted mothers and wasted children, are often the greatest sufferers. Thus he tells of the downfall of one who had a "divine, creative power":—

The gift of the true minstrel was his lot,
 Yet, such had his infatuation grown
 For social vices, that his hand forgot
 His harp's divinest chords ; no more its tone
 Thrill'd with the sweetness of a dewy dawn.
 In summer 'mong the woodlands warbling choir,
 Whose songs were not more heavenly than his own,
 Ere dissipation damp'd poetic fire,
 Or shattered into fragments all his hallow'd lyre.

He is furious that the revenue of the country should be raised from the sale of that which causes misery and degradation.

Here stands a dram shop to enrich the state,
 And sell men madness till they rave and scoff ;
 There an asylum, poorhouse, prison, wait
 To draw its victims and its refuse off.

And he goes on to tell how he saw one of drink's victims in his debasement.

'Twas Christmas Eve, I stood on London Bridge,
 The big Thames murmur'd sullenly below,
 And resting with my elbow on a ridge
 Of stony parapet, all white with snow,
 I there spied, shivering from head to toe,
 Crouch'd in a crevice, on a crust to dine,
 A poor lorn creature, brooding o'er his woe,
 Whom twice I gazed on ere I could divine
 He was a human soul, with kindred heart to mine.

The incident here described, and the thoughts to which it gave birth, so different from Wordsworth's reflections in his immortal sonnet, were actually experienced—the poet having journeyed to London in search of work, which at a time of stress he was unable to find nearer home. Indeed, he not only tramped to and from Bradford in search of employment, which even then he was unable to find, but afterwards visited the States with the same object in view, only to return, through ill-health, the precursor of the spinal disease which finally claimed him for its victim.

It was his fond hope that the publication of the "Cumbrian Brothers" would lift him out of the poverty which had always crippled his efforts.

When Pandora's box, full of every form of evil, was opened by Epimetheus, allowing the contents to escape in winged flight all over the earth, Hope alone remained in the casket. It has been usual to suppose that this was a compensation for the evil; but Nietzsche, revaluing all values, says that Hope is the worst of all the evils, inasmuch as its presence in the world leads men into positions of false security. However this may be, it was a false hope in which John Denwood indulged when he expected the "Cumbrian Brothers" to lift him out of poverty. For after waiting patiently for two years, the whole of the edition, which had been printed at his sole expense, was returned unsold, so that the net result was to still further impoverish the poet. Still more unfortunate was it that, at this rebuff of fortune, he lost all heart, so that his muse, crushed by failure, was thereafter silent. This was the more to be regretted for the reason that "The Cumbrian Brothers" by no means contained his best work. Not fully realizing that his genius was almost entirely lyrical, he had tempted fortune with a didactic poem which gave him little scope for the exhibition

of his real powers. Occasionally, however, the poem breaks into the lyrical form.

I love the green-robed spring,
 When fragrant blossom blows,
 And wild birds blithely sing,
 From morn to evening's close,
 Yet, though the spring is fair,
 From morn to eventide,
 The spring cannot compare
 With my own bonny bride.

The summer's eye is bright,
 The summer's breath is sweet,
 My heart warms with delight,
 Its sunny smiles to meet.
 I love the summer sky,
 Yet, smiling and bright-eyed,
 Sweet summer cannot vie
 With my own bonny bride.

A discerning critic might have seen, even in this volume, evidence of a quite uncommon lyrical gift in spite of the obvious defects of some of his lines. For in his songs there is nothing forced, nothing *bizarre*. They are sweet, simple melodies, exhibiting a rare choice of beautiful liquid words, which fall on the ear like a distant peal of bells in the quiet of a summer's evening. But save for a word or two of praise in the local press, the volume met with no

sympathetic criticism, and, depressed by its failure, one of the sweetest singers who ever drew inspiration from the mountains and lakes which nourished the soul of Wordsworth, sang no more.

Except for James Alexander Slevan, whose "Bess o' Derwent Green" is well-known, and Stanley Martin, the clever Cumbrian dialect writer, John Denwood made no literary friends; and these were probably too engrossed in their own pursuits to devote to the work of their contemporary such discriminating criticism as might have shewn the tailor-poet that the failure of his published works was due rather to a wrong selection than to any lack of poetic gift. For many of his lyrical poems had already appeared in the Cumbrian press, and, had a volume of these been published, his gifts as a song writer might have been immediately recognized.

Cumberland has produced many poets of local fame, and, while it is incontestable that John Denwood deserves to take his place among the best of these, it is felt that he is worthy of a wider audience; for some of his songs have the quality that distinguishes all the great lyrical writers, that

hardly may they be perused without a fitting melody bubbling up into the consciousness of the reader. Such gems as "The Maid of Ghyll Brier," which has already been set to music; "Barney Blarney's Pretty Kate;" "Free Home of the Briton;" and "Calling the Cows at the Stepping Stones," are worthy of a place in any anthology of songs, and, indeed, deserve a permanent place in English poetry.

It says much for the success of the present venture that Canon Rawnsley, so well known in connection with Cumbrian literature, and himself a poet, has not only accepted the dedication of this volume, but has taken a keen interest in this effort to permanently establish John Denwood in his rightful place among the poets of Cumberland.

FREDERICK ROCKELL.

WHINFELL,
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

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CUMBRIAN CAROLS

AND OTHER POEMS.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF THE LAKES.

Give misers their wealth ; give ambition its fill ;

But give me the girl I adore,

And a neat little cot on a Cumbrian hill :

My bosom shall yearn for no more.

Contented I'll toil, while for wealth I will claim

The pride of a pure loving heart ;

And all my ambition shall be, without fame,

To dwell from the rude world apart,

And roam o'er the beautiful land of the lakes

Among lovely mountains and dells,

Where echo in wild thrilling melody wakes,

And rural simplicity dwells.

The skylark shall teach us to sing of _our loves,
And prompt us sublimely to soar ;
In woodlands we'll learn from the mild cooing
doves

To knit our affections the more.

When holidays come, and my labours shall end,
I'll calmly sit down by my fire,
And hold kindly converse with wife, child or
friend,

And when conversation shall tire . . .

We'll roam o'er the beautiful land of the lakes,
Among lovely mountains and dells,
Where echo in wild thrilling melody wakes,
And rural simplicity dwells.



THE SHEPHERD OF BLENCATHRA.

On the lofty Blencathra a shepherd boy stood
Looking o'er the wide landscape of mountain and
flood,
While his ewes browsed around and his lambs
were at play,
He thus sang of his love in his own rural way :—
“ Tho' my Marian is lowly, my Marian is fair ;
All the wealth she was born to was pure mountain
air,

And a cottage for shelter at night from the cold,
Lit by looks more bewitching and precious than
gold.

Give some lord of the earth all the land I can see,
But give Marian, the Maid of Blencathra, to me.

“When in Threlkeld’s sweet vale with my Marian
I stray,
She will glance up the hills and will tenderly say,
‘See the bouny young lambs how they wanton
and sport,’
And she pities their fate in the days cold and short;
Then I’m glad her young heart has kind feelings
in store,
And for duty and danger it mans me the more.
So, when deep trackless snows hide the thin
grassy blade,
Never fear, my poor flocks, I will climb to your aid;
And then proudly look down yon lone cottage to
see,
Where the Maid of Blencathra waits kindly for
me.”

Thus the brave shepherd sang, till the cold wintry
hours,
Clad with wild drifting snow all the mountains
and moors;

When, still true to his flocks as to Marian his love,
He once more left the vale for the mountain above,
And with only his dog, high among the bleak
rocks,

Fell and perished while seeking his poor starving
flocks.

Now, may every true lover and each honest swain
In memory of Thee sing a sorrowful strain,
Till a halo of song round yon cottage we see,
Where the Maid of Blencathra is weeping for thee.



THE MAID OF GHYLL-BRIER.

Through Lorton's green vale from its source in the
hills,

A mountain stream tumbles down steep rocky
ghylls,

And winds by a dwelling, the home of a maid,
In whom the fair goddess of love is portray'd,
More bright than the met'ors that fall from the
skies

Are glances of love from this maiden's blue eyes,
And Cupid has set my young bosom on fire
For thee, my sweet Mary, the maid of Ghyll-brier.

I've looked upon many fair scenes with delight,
Where mountain and woodland and water unite ;
Yet ne'er have I looked on a valley more fair
Than Lorton's green vale and my Mary is there.
I've looked into palaces grand to behold,
Adorned with fair maids decked in rubies and gold,
Yet lovelier far in their lowly attire
Are yonder lone cot and the maid of Ghyll-brier.

How lovely in springtime the daisy to see,
Its beauties unclosing upon the green lea ;
How lovely the lamb on the mountain to view,
Its fleecy coat washed in the purest of dew ;
How lovely the lily where Cocker's streams wind,
Yet Mary's more lovely than all these combined.
Then give me the maid that a saint would desire,
My life's broadest blessing, the maid of Ghyll-brier.

Though days of young passion will quickly pass
o'er,
And age with cold hand second childhood restore ;
So long as yon cot is made lovely by thee,
Old age and its cares are as nothing to me.
The beams from thy eyes my old bosom will cheer
Like beams from the sun when the winter is here ;
Till calmly at sunset from life I retire
To sleep in the vale with the maid of Ghyll-brier.

LAMENT OF THE BEAUTY OF BUTTERMERE.

NOTE.—Many readers will be familiar with the story of Mary, the Beauty of Buttermere. A stranger, named John Hatfield, who called himself the Honourable Colonel Hope, won Mary's heart and married her. Having previously deserted a wife and family, Hatfield had come and secluded himself among the hills of Cumberland to escape the law. Soon after marrying Mary he was apprehended on a charge of forgery, and was tried, convicted, and hanged at Carlisle.

O'er Buttermere's grey peaks the wan moon was
shining,

The cots in the vale were as silent as graves,
When Mary, forlorn, by her own lake repining,
Sat mingling deep sighs with the moan of its
waves.

"Why, John, Oh! why hast thou cruelly betrayed
me?"

She cried, while her pallid cheeks glowed with
a tear,

"I wish, ere I knew thee, my parents had laid me
In death's quiet sleep by the lone Buttermere.

"To come and beguile a poor maid, how unfeeling,
From sweet babes and lawful wife's presence
to part;

All destitute now, hear their hunger cries pealing,
John, do they not fall like death-knells on thy
heart?

Thou charmer of young, guileless maids, how I
loved thee,

And but for thy wrong deeds thou still would'st
be dear,

No other in all the wide world could have moved
me,

So deeply in grief by the lone Buttermere.

“My poor mother weeps, and my poor father
wanders,

He's restless with woe for my mother and me,
And curses the heart that with innocence panders ;

I grieve, John, to think that his curse is for thee ;
And still, though beguiled and deserted, bemoan
thee ;

Remorse must be thine and thy sad end is near.
Oh, like a frail flower, thou hast plucked me
and thrown me

To wither and die by the lone Buttermere.”

MY WILD CHERRY BLOSSOM.

When for Israel Jephthah was fighting,
Oh, what a loved maiden had he,
And, apart from his "vow" rash and blighting,
I think he was rather like me;
For, like him, I've a dear loving maiden,
And though she's not gaudy nor gay,
She's as fair as the wild cherry blossom,
That blooms by the Cocker in May.

To the wives who may think my maid wanton,
To cherish a married man's love,
Their stern judgment I might be for granting,
Were Jephthah not mentioned above.
And I vow, though some talk it may cause 'em
Who gossip and backbite all day,
She's as fair as the wild cherry blossom
That blooms by the Cocker in May.

I am one of those soft-hearted fellows,
Who cannot help loving aught fair,
And in this case, my wife isn't jealous,
Which makes it a pleasure more rare.
She will smile when I'm hugging this maiden,
And whisper "You're happy I pray."
She's as fair as the wild cherry blossom
That blooms by the Cocker in May.

If to look you would like on my maiden,
And learn how true-loving are we,
You should see her pluck posies till laden,
And bring them with kisses for me.
While our hearts let no jealous thoughts cross 'em
O, wives, she's not wanton, nay, nay.
She's as fair as the wild cherry blossom
That blooms by the Cocker in May.

Were she wanton, I vow I'd still love her,
Yet mine is no "Jephthah's rash vow,"
Though, as you judge, I think I discover
It seems rather like one to you.
Judge away about acts of transgression
And giving immoral thoughts sway.
She's as fair as the wild cherry blossom
That blooms by the Cocker in May.

I have felt the deep throes of wild passion,
I've had jealous rivals to meet ;
But our loving glides on in a fashion
Mild, tender, and pleasant, and sweet.
When I clasp her up close to my bosom,
I care not a jot what folk say.
She's as fair as the wild cherry blossom
That blooms by the Cocker in May.

And each day may we grow still more loving
And kind in this life's changeful round,

Oh, and if she should e'er need reproving,
May love bring a balm for each wound.
She's but mortal, yet still I adore her,
For, though all things mortal decay,
She's as fair as the wild cherry blossom
That blooms by the Cocker in May.

You may say, world, I wantonly sought her ;
It makes little difference to me,
For my love is my own little daughter
Who else could you think she would be ?
Ha-ha-ha, let folks judge ; don't oppose 'em ;
It's world-like to judge the wrong way.
She's as fair as the wild cherry blossom
That blooms by the Cocker in May.

WHEN I WEDDED YOU, ELLEN.

When I wedded you, Ellen,
A long time ago,
In the church in the valley
Where Derwent's streams flow.
Oh, I dreamt not I'd follow
You soon to the grave,
That you'd fall like a blossom
When wild tempests rave.

You were mild like the daisy
That blooms on the lea,
And as taintless as dewdrops,
And fairer to see.
When the daisy's white petals
Are gleaming with dew,
I look on till I think, that,
'Tis weeping for you.

And though long years have vanished,
All things wear the gloom
That they wore when I laid you
To sleep in the tomb.
And the friendships and pleasures,
Though never so true,
Seem all void of enjoyment,
When shared not by you.

WHEN, MARY, I MET YOU.

When, Mary, I met you, while musing I strayed
By Derwent, when June all its beauty displayed,
Your cheeks were as bright as the wild rose's hue ;
Your lips were like clover-bloom steeped in sweet
dew ;
The light of your eyes lit a flame in my heart,
That till its last pulse-throb will never depart.

Adoring, I cried, " O, ye powers above !
The lassie is fair and well worthy of love ;
I'd rather have Mary my true love to be
Than own Derwent's vale from its source to the sea.

" You heard me, and answered, ' Why flatterest
thou ? ' "

But such a base word was not written for you,
We flatter the faulty ; you're heavenly fair :
And language can't flatter perfection, I swear.
We wooed from that hour, and when love was
full-blown

I took the fair flower and made you my own ;
And still I can sing, since to church we have gone,
Like Derwent and Cocker to mingle as one,
I'd rather have Mary my true love to be
Than own Derwent's vale from its source to the
sea."

Though dear to mankind is the rich golden corn,
With yellow locks shining in dews of the morn ;
Though lovely to see it wave wide o'er the plains ;
Though grateful we feel for the life it sustains,
Far dearer to me than this life, or than all
I've looked on or dreamed of are you to my soul.
Let bees roam in summer, but I, while alive,
Will never more roam from the sweets of my hive.
Oh, dark without you, my bright day-star, would be
The Derwent's sweet vale from its source to the sea.

NELL OF LORTON VALE.

Dost thou, dear Nell, remember where I first
heard thy sweet voice ?

Dost thou, dear Nell, remember where I first made
thee my choice ?

I heard thee not in gilded hall where crowds
applaud or chide,

Where art with all its skill supplies what nature
has denied.

I chose thee not in mansion fair, where pride and
fashion flaunt,

Nor in the peasant's lowly shed, of poverty the
haunt ;

But while I gazed on nature's charms thy sweet
voice tuned the gale ;

I heard, was moved, and saw and loved fair Nell
of Lorton Vale.

'Twas on a balmy morn in spring, by Cocker's
crystal stream,

With joy I saw, on hedge and lea, the dewy
flowers gleam ;

And while each little wild bird sang its love a
morning lay,

My young heart danced with rapture to the songs
of merry May.

I sat me down to listen them beneath a flowering
thorn,
Where often we have lingered, Nell, together
since that morn.
I dreamt, not I, that morning would a song more
pleasing hail,
Till thy sweet tones rang o'er the lawns, fair Nell
of Lorton Vale.

Then, Nelly, come and wander 'neath yon ridge
of mountains grey,
Adown by winding Cocker where we first owned
young love's sway ;
Where oft, to deck thy bonny brow and win
sweet smiles from thee,
I wove fair wreaths of roses mix'd with daisies
from the lea ;
Where first thy soft blue beaming eyes my
youthful fancy caught,
And blushes, songs, and gentle sighs my heart's
unquiet wrought ;
Where yon sweet woodbine woos the rose, where
first I breathed love's tale,
And gave thee all my heart and soul, fair Nell of
Lorton Vale.

CALLING THE COWS
AT THE STEPPING STONES.

The crowing cock roused me from slumber at
morning,
And out I went roaming to breath the fresh air ;
And saw you, my loved May, the landscape
adorning,
When Nature's broad face was all blooming and
fair.
The brooks babbled music among reeds and rushes ;
The lark warbled, soaring, till lost to the eye ;
The woodlands were vocal with blackbirds and
thrushes,
And greylinnets chanting, while swallows sailed by.
Then, May, you came forth like a light-footed
fairy,
And all the sweet songbirds seemed mute
at your tones,
While calling the cows to replenish your dairy,
You cried, "Cush-a-cush," tripping over the
stones.

On Skiddaw's blue summit a silvery cloud slum-
bered ;
The fields all around me were dewy and green ;
And wild blushing roses and daisies unnumbered
Shed perfume and beauty all over the scene.

The bonny white lambs on the mountains were
bleating,
And shepherds were watchfully tending them
there ;
The lowlands were sprinkled with cattle retreating
To cool shady nooks from the summer sun's glare.
Then, May, you came forth like a light-footed
fairy,
And all the sweet songbirds seemed mute
at your tones,
While calling the cows to replenish your dairy,
You cried, " Cush-a-cush," tripping over the
stones.

Whenever through life I meet trouble or sadness,
A thought of that morn will bring solace to me ;
You brought to the scene a fresh beauty and
gladness,
Though all things were fair, you were fairest
to see.

I looked on the rose from the leafy hedge peeping,
And heard the loud lark with a sense of repose ;
And all my wild passions were lulled into sleeping ;
Till, fairly excelling the lark and the rose,
I saw you come forth like a light-footed fairy,
And all the sweet songbirds seemed mute
at your tones,
While calling the cows to replenish your dairy,
You cried, " Cush-a-cush," tripping over the
stones.

WHERE'ER I ROAM.

Where'er I roam, by sea or land,
Wherever fate may cast my lot,
Still dearest far to me shall stand
On memory's page one little cot.
Tho' few there be that care to know
Where stands the cot that I like best,
O! 'tis where Cocker's waters flow,
To sleep for aye in Derwent's breast.

Ah! well I mind, while childhood flew,
While I was careless, guileless, free;
When friends, for friendship's sake, were true,
And childhood's dreams reality;
Ere deep affliction's choking sighs
Drank at my heart, now ill at rest,
And taught me how that cot to prize,
Where Cocker sleeps in Derwent's breast.

How oft I ran, with footsteps fleet,
Along those streams in artless glee,
Thro' winter's cold and summer's heat
They had unsullied joys for me.
Remembrance makes my old heart leap
In transports, till by sighs repress—
Sighs for some playmates gone to sleep,
As Cocker sleeps in Derwent's breast.

In that old cot, by Cocker's side,
My father taught me manly ways ;
There mother kind, at even-tide,
Taught me to pray in early days ;
And there such tales my grand-dame told,
In Cumbria's quaintest phrases drest,
That through enchanted regions rolled
The stream that sleeps in Derwent's breast.

'Twas there that Poesy, refined,
Unmanned me for this worldly fight ;
'Twas there the muse illumined my mind
And made my needy purse more light.
And often, far across the sea,
Midst lonely prairies of the West,
I'll long, dear cot, to gaze on thee,
Where Cocker sleeps in Derwent's breast.

WANDERING JANE.

In the lone rocky north, among Cumberland's hills,
Forlorn in a valley there dwells
A poor maiden as pure as the clear mountain rills,
And lovely as little heath-bells.

But her young hopes were blighted by love's
broken vows,

Though ne'er was she known to complain ;
Still lonely she roams 'neath the dark mountain
brows,—

They call her "Poor wandering Jane."

If you call him "false villain, to blight this fair
maid,"

She frowning will say that you "lie ;"
For, of all the brave soldiers who drew the bright
blade

For love of their country to die,
'There was never one kinder and braver than he,
That met friend or foe on the plain ;
'Twas not falsehood, 'twas fate that has brought
you to see
The woe of poor wandering Jane.

A young soldier she loved, and believes he loved her ;
In battle's fierce conflict he died,

If you think that she wept when the news came,
you err—

She only looked upward and sigh'd.
For the grief in her heart sank too deep for a tear ;
It sank there to rise not again ;
But to scorch her young life's crimson fountains,
and sear
The heart of poor wandering Jane.

JANE OF BORROWDALE.

There dwells a lass in yonder dale,
Far, lone among the hills,
Whose beauty on the darkest day
The dale with sunshine fills.
Her beaming eyes, like summer suns,
Would melt the wintry hail;
So full of love's soft kindling flame
Is Jane of Borrowdale.

I saw her by her mother's cot
Attending on the kine,
And stood adoring then, and sighed.
"I wish that lass were mine."
For all the nymphs and bonny maids
That poets sing of, fail
To show that there is one more fair
Than Jane of Borrowdale.

Now when the hills and lakes around
In snow and ice are rolled,
The darkest, wildest night that blows
I'm neither scared nor cold
While wandering o'er yon mountain path;
For one, I know, will hail
Me to my journey's joyful end—
'Tis Jane of Borrowdale.

She's more majestic than the hills
That rise around her shed,
And purer than the lakes and rills
Along the valley spread.
Her footsteps light as snowflakes fall
Let gently down the gale ;—
Tho' Nature try, 'twill ne'er outvie
My Jane of Borrowdale.

A SONG OF GRATITUDE.

Sweet gratitude waken, awaken from slumbers,
Inspire with thy spirit the harp of a bard,
Attuned to fair Ettie, who heard his first numbers,
And praised his young efforts—a glorious reward.
Oh! then, how she bade him go walk 'mid the
flowers,
To feast his young eyes on their beauties divine ;
With joy he'll remember till life's latest hours,
Yet mean were their beauties, dear Ettie, to
thine.

He roamed through thy mansion's fair garden,
admiring
The balm-breathing flowers vie in beauty around,

While larks sang their heaven-taught numbers
aspiring,
And blackbird and thrush made the woodland
resound.
With soul full of joy as he gazed on the flowers,
Their fair faces bright with the crystals of dew,
He could not but sing, "Oh, what beauties are
yours!
Yet Ettie is kind and more lovely than you."

The primrose that blooms where the Derwent
meanders,
The kingcups and daisies that deck the green
plains,
And wild briar's blossom that o'er the edge
wanders,
Are dear to his heart as his life-gushing veins.
The thrush sends him joy from the cool leafy
bowers,
The strains of the sky-lark like angel-notes fall,
The loud whistling blackbird beguiles his lone
hours,
Yet Ettie is fairer and dearer than all.

MY OWN BONNY BRIDE.

I love the green robed Spring
 When fragrant blossom blows,
And wild birds blithely sing
 From morn to evening's close.
Yet, though the spring is fair,
 From morn to eventide,
The Spring can not compare
 With my own bonny bride.

The Summer's eye is bright,
 The Summer's breath is sweet,
My heart warms with delight,
 Its sunny smiles to meet.
I love the Summer sky,
 Yet, smiling and bright-eyed,
Sweet Summer cannot vie
 With my own bonny bride.

I love the Autumn for
 The wealth with which 'tis crown'd,
And that 'twill kindly pour
 Its wealth for all around.
Yet Autumn's not more kind
 Than she whose heart I've tried,
Nor richer than the mind
 Of my own bonny bride.

The Winter has a spell
No other season knows ;
I love the Winter well
For its untainted snows.
And every, every hour
My bosom fills with pride,
To find they're not more pure
Than my own bonny bride.

When Spring's green robes unfold,
When Summer's bright eye glows,
When Autumn's crown'd with gold,
When Winter's wreath'd with snows ;
My love for these may prove,
Since she has all outvied,
That boundless is my love
For my own bonny bride.

ELIZA.

When first I saw Eliza's face,
I felt a joy and woe,
A joy that countless heavenly charms
Were met in one below.
A woe to think her eyes so bright
May be were sweetly shining
On some blest youth who claimed her love,
While I was left repining.

But since I've won Eliza's heart,
How proud a heart is mine ;
I prize the treasure far above
The richest gems that shine.
And spotless as a vestal's robe
Shall be its place of keeping.
No wanton wish shall taint our love,
No false vow leave her weeping.

TOM CHAPMAN.

Now, the veteran old huntsman, Tom Chapman,
is dead ;
Still may green be the sod where they pillowed
his head ;
He will never more waken the echoes at morn
With a loud "Tally-ho" and a clear ringing horn.
When the grim King of Terrors had brought Tom
to bay,
In the clutches of death the old sportsman did say—
"Oh, for strength just to rally my good hounds
once more !
Let me die not ? grim death, till the 'Mayor's
Hunt' be o'er !
Since the first cannot be, the last boon let me crave,
'Then I'll welcome the gloom of my cold, silent
grave.'"

And death gave Tom his wish, like a generous
 foe,
And then laid him to sleep in his cold bed
 below,
Where he'll cheer us no more with his loud
 "Tally-ho,
Hark away, tally-ho ! tally-ho ! tally-ho !"

When the friends of old Tom knew his burning
 desire
Was that day to outlive, they did kindly conspire,
And all nobly resolve, ere poor Tom breathed his
 last,
To leave the gay board of the hunter's repast,
And relate to him all the grand sports of the day—
Which Tom heard with a smile, and passed
 calmly away.
'Twas a good sign for Tom when he gave up the
 ghost,
That the friends who best knew him respected him
 most,
And did follow him coffined, as trusty and true,
As they followed him still when his ringing horn
 blew.

Ere death gave him his wish like a generous foe,
Or had laid him to sleep in his cold bed
 below,
Where he'll cheer us no more with his loud
 "Tally-ho,
Hark away, tally-ho ! tally-ho ! tally-ho !"

THE SMILES OF MY NELL.

Let proud sons of Mammon seek riches to hoard,
And gloat o'er the heaps as they shine ;
While I have the beauties that Nature has stored,
A wealth in abundance is mine.
Though poor be my lot and though lowly my name,
For me gold can ne'er have a spell,
So long as yon cot is aglow with love's flame,
And lit by the smiles of my Nell.

Just give me enough for my toil to sustain
Yon cot with a good wholesome store,
And freedom, and Nell, and I will not complain,
Nor ask my dear country for more.
Away with dominion ! I value it not,
I wish in no palace to dwell ;
E'en fame has no charm while yon neat little cot,
Is lit by the smiles of my Nell.

Should Nell prove unfaithful, what pangs of despair
Would rack me in heart and in mind ;
But pleasure like mine with the best can compare,
For Nell is both faithful and kind.
Though hard be my fate, at my fate I'll not rail,
No labour my spirit can quell,
So long as yon cot, in the green little vale,
Is lit by the smiles of my Nell.

FAIR ELLEN.

The maid that's most dear to my soul,
The maid that is kindest to me,
I cannot for riches extol,
She's poor and of lowly degree.
But let me on Helvellyn stand,
And choose between all I survey
And Ellen's white penniless hand—
Give me but my Ellen I'll say.
Though many fair maids I have known,
The fairest by far is my Ellen,
Who lives in a valley alone,
That lies at the foot of Helvellyn.

If ever I envy the great,
And wish I had plenty's full horn,
'Tis not for dominion nor state,
Nor to frown on the poor humbly born,
'Tis but to make one whom I love
As happy as happy can be—
My Ellen, more meek than a dove,
Who vows she will always love me.
Though many fair maids I have known,
The fairest by far is my Ellen,
Who lives in a valley alone,
That lies at the foot of Helvellyn.

AN EMIGRANT'S REQUEST.

Eliza, when I'm o'er the sea,
To far off lands removed,
Dear, wilt thou kiss our boys for me,
And tell them how I loved
To play with them, and sit and feel
The pleasure of their fun,
And join them at each humble meal,
By ceaseless labour won?

I rose each morn to toil content,
And sank in peace to bed,
While I could pay a cottar's rent,
And see you clothed and fed.
Oh, tell them this, and do not weep,
You know I fain would stay,
But cannot by my labour keep,
Grim want and debt away.

If then my parents mourn their son
As lost to them and thee,
Tell them I'm where toil's worth is won
From want, debt, tyrants free.
While here for me nought can be got
By toiling like a slave;
Save in old age a pauper's lot,
In death a pauper's grave.

I love my country with the best,
And could I live at home,
I would not live for all the west
Across yon ocean's foam.
But when oppressors dog behind,
And want stares in my face,
What man of independent mind
Would bear the serfdom base?

Tell tyrants who would crush me low
My heart is still above,
And give each friend and generous foe
My blessing and my love.
Yes, let a generous foe be hailed,
Ere a half-hearted friend,
Who when unjustly I'm assailed
Lacks courage to defend.

Adieu, when we are far apart
Of evil tongues beware,
Who faith and hope wile from the heart,
And leave us in despair.
They'll say thou'lt no more look on me,
But heed not what they tell,
I go for our dear boys and thee
To seek a home, farewell.

BONNY OLD ENGLAND FOR ME.

Said a bard's friend, "With me
Come across the deep sea,
And leave this declining old isle :
To the West there's a land
Where on merit men stand,
And there on us fortune would smile.
Come away with me, come,
Nor in sorrow sit dumb,
Till thou hast grown wrinkled with care.
There, hands that will toil
Win the fruits of the soil ;
The idle alone suffer there.
And in freedom they rest in the land of the West,
And I am in love with the free,
Though you cherish yon cot come away from the
spot,
Away from old England with me."

"I will ne'er," answered he,
"Seek a land o'er the sea,
And gladden my foes by my flight ;
But I'll battle along
'Gainst oppression and wrong ;
To leave them will ne'er set them right.

Though with many wrongs curst
This old isle's not the worst,
And may be the best by-and-bye.
Send all children to schools,
And teach temperate rules,
Then no land with Britain shall vie.
Though in freedom they rest in the land of the West,
And though I'm in love with the free,
Still my health and a cot on some fair sunny spot
In bonny old England for me."

But he, yielding in time,
Left his dear native clime,
And sailed with his friend to the West :
And arriving out there
Found a country most fair,
And people free, happy, and blest,
But soon, failing in health,
He said, " Let them seek wealth
Who will in affliction and pain,
Give me home with the wrongs
I have sung in my songs
Ere ill health and exile for gain.
Though in freedom they rest in the land of the West,
And though I'm in love with the free,
Still my health and a cot on some fair sunny spot.
In bonny old England for me."

MY ISLAND HOME.

My own, my little island home,
Upraised amid the ocean's foam,
Secure, alone, supremely stands,
For freedom famed in all the lands.
My language fails, I cannot tongue
Words equal to the feelings strong
That bind my heart in love and pride,
Where freedom's sons and daughters bide.
Britain, my nurse, I'll cling to thee,
Nurse of the beautiful and free.

The fairest maids thy walks adorn
That ever were of woman born ;
The bravest sons those maids defend,
That thou didst e'er to battle send.
With freedom blest and maidens fair,
And endless pleasures sweet and rare,
Their hearts as one will toil till death,
And smiling yield for thee their breath.
Britain, my nurse, I'll cling to thee,
Nurse of the beautiful and free.

Dear island home where I abide,
I'd not give thee for all beside,
Content in independence bred,
A foe to none, no foe we dread,

And still look round with placid smile
On all who threat our verdant isle.
'Twill break no rest to hear them roar
While ocean girds and guards our shore.
Britain, my nurse, we'll cling to thee,
Nurse of the beautiful and free.

Some lands may boast of sunnier skies,
And flowers more bright with richer dyes ;
What can they yield save grief and pain,
Where freedom sinks and tyrants reign ?
If blackest skies above thee frowned,
If barren deserts were thy ground
And rude storms rock'd thee to thy base.
While free, thy children in the face
Of these would smile and cling to thee,
Nurse of the beautiful and free.

OPTIMIST AND PESSIMIST.

The optimist or pessimist may exult or may whine,
I'm neither, or I'm either, in this little song of mine,
Just as my fellow-man I see
In happiness or misery,
Or as my fortunes fall to me,
I either way incline.

The pessimist, with hopeless sigh, says "Life is
sad and ill ;"

The optimist, exulting, cries, "Life is worth living
still."

Worth living ; yes, to those whose bowers
Are reached through pathways gemmed with
flowers,

Where they can spend the happy hours
In rest, or how they will.

Worth living ; not to toilers, who, in labour's
endless mart,

Still sacrifice, from year to year, with brave and
manly heart,

Strength, sweat, and blood, and limbs and
lives,

For what scarce feeds their babes and wives,
Still piling wealth in rich men's hives,

From which they get no part.

We must sometimes be pessimists, poor men like
them and me,

For I am of the toiling poor, and such I'm proud
to be ;

And, were we not true "heirs of time,"
Still toiling, oft in hope sublime,

We know not what of guilt and crime

We yet might live to see.

Did not the hope of optimists make us oft think
the best,
Chasing the pessimist despair out of the poor
man's breast,
We'd rise in myriads, undismayed,
And, gun to gun and blade to blade,
Through blood to death or justice wade,
And live no more oppress.

THE LINEAGE OF POETS—THEIR PENURY AND PRIDE.

We boast not high birth nor claim kin with the
rich,
For Virgil, like Homer, was born in a ditch ;
We've learned, too, how Homer sang ballads for
bread ;
How Chatterton died, and how Otway was fed ;
How Milton, like Homer, poor, lowly, and blind,
For a few paltry pounds sold the wealth of his mind ;
And England's best poet, immortal Shakespeare,
Was butcher's boy, woolcomber, stealer of deer,

We envy no rich and we care not for wealth,
Our only desire is true wisdom and health.
In obscurity's mist, and to want still a prey,
The life of blithe Butler was wasted away ;

Poor Bloomfield made boots, while the muse
 hovered nigh,
In a small London garret up close to the sky ;
And Ireland's bright Goldsmith, so generous and
 good,
'Tramped Europe, and fied for his lodgings and
 food.

We neither crave wealth nor claim kin with the
 rich,
For we know that the poorest can climb to fame's
 niche,
From noble examples, unnumbered and strong,
With only three more I will finish my song,
Tannahill weaved and sang, and the poor shepherd
 Hogg
By lone Ettrick roamed with the muse and his dog ;
And Burns, Scotland's minstrel of world-wide
 renown,
Ran, a bonnetless, barefooted bairn, by the Doon.

BE HONEST AND BRAVE.

As you journey along o'er the pathway of life,
 Whatsoever your fate 'tween the cradle and grave,
Whether honoured or hated in calm or in strife,
 Let your hearts prompt you still to be honest and
 brave.

To be honest and brave and in charity live,
And your fellowmen help if your fellowmen need,
Oh! and when to the sons of affliction you give,
Let your gifts from a bosom of pity proceed.

And when giving give not that the world may
reward—

This is only the motto of coward and knave,
Who would win worldly glory, such never regard,
Let your hearts prompt you still to be honest and
brave.

To be honest and brave and in charity live,
And your fellowmen help if your fellowmen need,
Oh! and when to the sons of affliction you give,
Let your gifts from a bosom of pity proceed.

And should fate frown upon you and troubles
beset,

At your fellowmen's weal ne'er in enmity rave ;
Better fortune will banish your wretchedness yet,
If your hearts prompt you still to be honest and
brave.

To be honest and brave and in charity live,
And your fellowmen help if your fellowmen need,
Oh! and when to the sons of affliction you give,
Let your gifts from a bosom of pity proceed.

To the poorest among you at some bygone hour,
A more wretched one still has come pittance to
crave ;
If his want you relieved to the best of your power,
Oh! my brothers, I ween you are honest and
brave.
Are kind, honest, and brave and in charity live,
And your fellowmen help if your fellowmen need,
Oh! and when to the sons of affliction you give,
That your gifts from a bosom of pity proceed.

THE CREED OF GENEROUS HEARTS.

We long for a world where to live and let live
Is everyone's practice and pride ;
Where those who have plenty are willing to give
To those to whom plenty's denied.
Where bountiful Nature embraces mankind,
And all with fair portions are blest ;
Where wealth is bestowed on the noble in mind
That will not impov'rish the rest.

The mean should have plenty to keep them in
health,
No toiler should labour in vain ;
The generous and good should be guardians of
wealth,
Then justice with mercy would reign.

For goodness delighteth to give, and we know
The wish of each generous heart,
Is that a fair share of the good things below
Be every deserving man's part.

While some toil and starve, some in luxury roll,
And if there's a knave who'll maintain
That such wrong is right, give his mean little soul
A sharp pang of poverty's pain.
But if a soft tear of repentance should start,
And selfishness leave him less blind,
Oh, take him once more to thy arms and thy heart,
Remember he's one of thy kind.

Let all men be artless and honest, and love
To bless all with plenty and peace ;
Let life's common cares our sympathies move,
Then blessings will surely increase.
Let rich men and poor men in unity live,
Without selfish envy and pride ;
And oh, may the wealthy be willing to give
To those to whom plenty's denied.

A SONG TO A SOLDIER.

You tell me I love not the land of my birth,
And that in my songs her brave soldiers ne'er
shine ;
I own when you strike some weak foe to the earth
I sing and prate not about glory divine.
I'll ne'er lift a weapon, however you rail,
To battle for conquest and wealth for a few ;
But should any tyrant old England assail,
I'd shed my blood freely as night sheds her dew.

I'd fight lion-like for the land that I love,
For my wife, children, friends, and my own
fireside ;
And may patriots find, wherever they move,
The Father of all a protector and guide.
But when to the land of brave strangers you go,
To plunder the homes where their infancy grew,
Oh ! never again may you conquer the foe
And bring back their wealth for the good of a few.

Our land he loves not who is selfishly blind,
Or seeing her faults has not courage to blame,
Till things most corrupt shall have all undermined,
And poisoned her honour and tarnished her fame ;

While worth pines in want and the privileged
knaves—

A handful compared with toil's millions 'tis true,
Defiantly use us scarce better than slaves,
And drive us to toil for the good of a few.

Here thousands, still willing to labour, must tramp
And starve in the midst of the wealth they have
made ;
Or, dogged by police, with the thief and the scamp,
Be locked up in prison for asking for aid.
Are great folks such fools as to think we can stand,
Attached to them always in loyalty true,
An army of tramps, spurned, scourged, o'er the land,
Where freedom and wealth we have won for a few.

True love for our land is the wish to see all
That merit her blessing, her blessing receive ;
And they who wish otherwise help on her fall,
And soon may behold it and bitterly grieve.
Thus wronged, while her best men leave old
Britain's strand,
And westward their course o'er the ocean pursue,
I cannot but sigh for the fate of the land,
Where laws have been framed for the good of
a few.

THE LION HEARTS OF ENGLAND.

The lion-hearts of England
Let England proudly claim
Who bravely stand
For freedom's land
Or fall for England's fame ;
Who smile on death
Till their last breath,
And bless old England's name.

The lion-hearts of England
Are willing, stout, and brave,
And sooner would
Spill their last blood
On land or bounding wave,
'Than e'er behold
A Briton bold,
Degraded to a slave.

On foes who'd conquer England
We look with placid smile,
For each true heart
Would take the part
Of freedom 'gainst their guile ;
In freedom's fight
No foe can fright
The guards of England's isle.

RESOLVE.

What good comes of moping and mourning,
And dreaming life's springtime away?
The wise ne'er sit wishing and yearning,
But strive to do something each day;
To rise in the ranks of the nation,
Resolve, and move onward in glee,
Or else be content in thy station,
And that's worth a kingdom to thee.

There's pleasure in toil when rewarded,
The rich and the slothful ne'er feel;
Yet, if thy toil's little regarded,
With strong will and sinews of steel
To rise in the ranks of the nation,
Resolve, and move onward in glee,
Or else be content in thy station,
And that's worth a kingdom to thee.

While thou hast a cot to inhabit,
Because that another has more,
Ne'er, ne'er be disheartened and crabbed,
But strive to win plenty's full store.
Rise up in the ranks of the nation,
Resolve, and move onward in glee,
Or else be content in thy station,
And that's worth a kingdom to thee

If poor, and friends frown, never heed them ;
'Tis thus that our worldly friends do ;
They'll smile again when we don't need them.
Then be to thyself just and true ;
And strive to rise up in the nation,
Resolve, and move onward in glee,
Or else be content in thy station,
And that's worth a kingdom to thee.

BARNEY BLARNEY'S PRETTY KATE.

My name's Barney Blarney, from old Donegal,
And save seven stout boys I've no brothers at all ;
On the cold frosty morning I started this life,
My dad, Paddy Blarney, and Biddy, his wife,
Declared I would be all the women's delight ;
And, troth, both old Paddy and Biddy were right ;
There's no place I go where they leave me alone,
Till told I've betrothed me to pretty Kate Slone.

With cheeks red as a rose,
And a brow white as snows,
She can sing like the little canaries ;
Oh, a flower full blown,
Is pretty Kate Slone,
In the land of the shamrocks and fairies.

And now I've come o'er from green Erin to see
Sweet England, the land of the rose and the free ;

But not to seek freedom of that I am sure
There's little in Erin or here for the poor ;
I come o'er to shear you the rich golden corn,
And see the fair maids that your island adorn :
Yet nought have I looked on in all that you've shown,
With elegant beauty, like pretty Kate Slone.

With cheeks red as a rose,
And a brow white as snows,
She can sing like the little canaries ;
Oh, a flower full blown,
Is pretty Kate Slone,
In the land of the shamrocks and fairies.

I met her out walking, 'twas only last May,
Adown on the green banks of Shannon one day ;
And thought her an angel come down from the skies,
For I couldn't look up at the light of her eyes ;
Each hair on her head like a bright sunbeam glowed,
And down to her waist, softly-curling, it flowed ;
And, sure, I'd say more, but I think that you'll own,
Your English girls cannot match pretty Kate Slone.

With cheeks red as a rose,
And a brow white as snows,
She can sing like the little canaries ;
Oh, a flower full blown,
Is pretty Kate Slone,
In the land of the shamrocks and fairies.

OOR OLD SOWIN' MACHINE.

Note :—Sowin', Grown, Flown ; Pronounce "ow" as in How.

'Thoo kens, Kate, i' my youthful days,

'At Ah could sing a sang

In any bonny lassie's praise

'At varra few could bang ;

But that was while we toddled on

T' fifty fra fifteen ;

Noo, sen aw love's young days ur gone,

Ah'll praise t' old Sowin' Machine.

'Thoo minds when furst we bowt it, Kate,

Just efter we war wed ;

It's been t' us a trew old mate—

Aye, t' trewest far we've hed—

It's clung t' us through fool an' fair,

An' when hard pressed we've been,

It's flown ower wark as fleet as air,

Hes oor old Sowin' Machine.

Yance, taylear like, Ah yusta spree—

Ah know it was a crime—

Sometimes a week or two—aye three,

Or fower many a time.

An' offen teu Ah rhymed an' sung,

Tull t' workhoose we'd hev seen,

If we'd nut hed when t' barns war young,

Oor good old Sowin' Machine.

But noo oor youngest barn's full grown—
 A clever lass she's meade—
But t' sons ur rayder wild Ah own,
 Ther some'at like t' old lad,
What odds, we're happier far than kings,
 Or even t' Empress Queen—
Still we wad been but sworry things,
 Widoot t' old Sowin' Machine.

It's varra old and feckless grown,
 An' just for that Ah prize't,
If t' warld knew t' wark it's deun, they'd own
 It shouldn't be despise't.
Its feace shined breet when it was new,
 Its limbs war neat an' clean
An' t' motion was majestic teu,
 O' that old Sowin' Machine.

Ah said, Kate, Ah could sing a sang,
 As varra few fwok can,
An' fwok'll finnd Ah isn't wrang,
 Though t' ninth part of a man.
Ah meade this sang while stitchen' cloot,
 O' makken sangs Ah's keen,
Aye keener far t' sing aboot,
 Than work t' old Sowin' Machine.

LYRIC.

I love full many a lovely place,
 In this fair isle,
Where I can look on Nature's face
 And see her smile.
Where warbling birds at early dawn
 Make woodlands ring,
And larks from out each dewy lawn
 Soar high and sing.
Where streamlets glide 'mid flowery plains
 And pathless woods.
Or from the rugged mountain glens
 Push down in floods.
I love the place that gave me birth,
 I love my kin,
And all the pleasant ways of earth
 I sported in.

FREE HOME OF THE BRITON.

Free home of the Briton, embosomed in waters,
Thy sons stout as oak for thee, nurse of fair
 daughters,
On foes are still ready to hurl retribution
Who'd conquer and gloat o'er thy wrecked con-
 stitution.

The changes we make must be changes internal ;
No alien shall come with his mandates infernal,
And sit like a despot and rule over thee,
Our own little home, brightest gem of the sea ;
And long as thy waters for freedom shall call,
Thy brave sons will die ere they'll look on thy fall.

Thy girls are so heavenly fair and warm-hearted,
Thy sons from their presence can scarcely be parted;
But when there's a foe, and they cry to befriend thee,
Thy daughters and all we will leave to defend thee.
Our hearts throb as one, and we glance indignation
When slanderous lips dare to breath defamation,
Or whisper in scorn of the downfall of thee,
Our own little home, brightest gem of the sea ;
And long as thy waters for freedom shall call,
Thy brave sons will die ere they'll look on thy fall.

A name the most glorious I ever heard sounded
Is thine, lovely isle, by the ocean surrounded ;
Thy bards are sublimest, thy sages are gravest ;
Thy conquest the widest, thy soldiers the bravest ;
Thy fields green and flowery, thy homes full of
graces,
And beautiful children with bright rosy faces.
There's not in the wide world another like thee,
Our own little home, brightest gem of the sea ;
And long as thy waters for freedom shall call,
Thy brave sons will die ere they'll look on thy fall.

Still, still, my loved isle, thou hast some faults
and failing—
And where is the land that is free from all ailings?
Some little-souled tyrants, thy glory despoiling,
Down-trample the poor who uphold thee by
toiling,
Yet, bliss to the peasants and woe to despoilers!
The day of the mind is a-breaking 'mong toilers
And soon they will prove they are worthy of thee,
Our own little home, brightest gem of the sea ;
And long as thy waters for freedom shall call,
Thy brave sons will die ere they'll look on thy fall.

Then live, while we can, with all nations in quiet,
For, sure, we've had too much of blood-shed and
riot :
But should any rogue that is foreign determine
To oppress or subdue us we'll crush him like
vermin ;
Though angels in peace and firm friends when
befriended,
To conquer in fight we are devils offended,
Who'd rather die twice than lose freedom and thee ;
Our own little home, brightest gem of the sea ;
And long as thy waters for freedom shall call,
Thy brave sons will die ere they'll look on thy fall.

FAREWELL TO CUMBRIA.

Oh ! Cumbria, my loved home, such grief and pain
grieve me,

That I now long to leave thee forever and aye ;
No matter wherever life's wild waves may heave
me,—

May heave me and leave me to sigh life away.
In thee I first found, loved, and lost them that
bound me ;

Forever I thought to thy mountains around me,
They died, and in sorrow so darkly it wound me,
My gloomiest night brings as gloomy a day.

I ne'er longed to leave thy fair scenes fondly
cherished,

Before my lone heart learned its sorrowful doom,
Before the loved hopes of my young life had
perished

And sunk with my bliss to the cold silent tomb.
Yet now may I go, for to stay were more grieving ;
Why, why, cruel death, didst thou strike them,
bereaving

My soul of their joy, and these hills and vales
leaving
Uncheered by their light in deep sadness and
gloom ?

Oh ! Cumbria, farewell, yet the deep settled sorrow
Now racking my frame in pain's dungeon
oppressed,
Will scarce let me hope for a brighter to-morrow.
I now only wish I with them were at rest,
Where drooping ash waves o'er yon graves still
and lonely,
Whose tenants are clay that is tenantless only,
Courting death with my best loved I've oft
wandered prone-ly.
Wait, death comes to all, welcome ocean's broad
breast.

I care not though storms swell the breast of the
ocean,
Till salt sea-waves dash the dark skies with
their spray.
Its troubles compared with my bosom's emotion,
Are only like tame bubbling fountains at play.
Oh ! then, 'tis no matter where stern fate may
place me,
I fear not, though dangers in all shapes may
face me,
Though thou, death, hast robbed me, I'll gladly
embrace thee,
Forlorn that I am, ocean bear me away.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S ANNIVERSARY.

Methought I climbed huge Skiddaw's hill
One eve to view the landscape round ;
The sweeping vales were hushed and still,
The heights with floods of crimson crown'd,
Shed from the western god of day
Through fleecy clouds of varying hue,
That scattered o'er the welkin lay,
Commingled with ethereal blue.

'Twas when around the Autumn flings
His fields of grain, like golden gems,
That glow upon the robes of kings,
Or glisten in their diadems.
And looking westward o'er the scene,
I thought the Derwent's winding stream,
'Mid dark brown woods and pastures green,
Did like a chain of silver gleam.

With wandering gaze, in rapturous joy,
I saw the Autumn's robes unfold ;
And deeply mused without alloy
In abstract meditation roll'd.
Methought I saw a nymph arise
Where Scotia's hills the prospect bound,
And mount sublimely through the skies
'Mid seraph strains of sweetest sound.

Yet, whence she came or where she hied,
 My awestruck soul with wonder fills ;
No more I view the landscape wide,
 Intent on her and Scotia's hills ;
Ascending still through scattered clouds,
 I watch her till the gloaming gray,
My wonder-stricken gaze enshrouds
 And bears her from my sight away.

Yet still through gentle evening's calm,
 Those strains of heavenly song I caught,
So sweet that I perforce embalm
 Them in the spirit of my thought.
And soon as though by wizard's spell
 Transported into hallowed ground,
I stand while songs of minstrels swell
 In glorious symphony of sound.

Awhile from off mine hallowed stand
 I view the varied world below,
Then fix mine eyes on Scotia's land,
 Where first the goddess nymph I saw.
And, Oh ! to paint the scenes sublime,
 My mightiest efforts were in vain,
A thousand times too grand for rhyme,
 Or even Milton's mightier strain.

And, lo ! that lovely goddess came,
 Who late from Scotia's hills arose ;
And, calling me by some sweet name,
 Said follow me, poor child of woes,
And from Truth's sheeny summit's crown
 Thou shalt look o'er creation wide,
And learn how poets reap renown,
 Where ever Reason's sons abide.

Hark ! now with songs of praise and mirth,
 From palace proud and humble cot,
The regions far beyond the earth,
 Are thrilled to mine own Walter Scott.
Then over many a tuneful glade
 We glide nor need the aid of feet,
Where flowerets fair that never fade,
 Shed their eternal odours sweet.

Soon wonder awed I stand and look
 From summits of attractive light,
That bring the world's remotest nook
 Within the ken of mortal sight.
And lo ! with wild astonished eye
 I now behold celestial plains,
Where dwell the bards of days gone by,
 And chant their soul-inspiring strains.

Here, Scott, high seated on a throne,
I could discern, and heard full well
Great Milton, with deep organ tone,
To him sublimest praises swell.
And crowned with wreath of wild wood flowers,
By Fancy's curious fingers twined,
There sang the Bard of Avon's bowers,
And all man's noblest powers combined.

There Burns, inspired by kindred love,
Poured forth his fond impassioned lays ;
While host on earth joined host above
And all creation rang with praise.
"And is it thus, O nymph," I said,
"That poets fare in after life ?
'Tis worthy all the tears they shed,
Their worldly penury and strife.

"O, is it thus when poets weep
No longer o'er the wrongs of earth,
That great celestial spirits keep
The anniversaries of their birth ?
If I could gain a throne like this,
In seas of worldly want and pain,
I'd toil till death and deem it—bliss."
She said, "'Tis hard such fame to gain.

“ Court thou it not, but let this be
 The guiding compass of thy breast ;
Fight, fight unselfishly to free
 From tyrant yokes the poor oppress’d.
Impress this maxim on thy soul,
 ’Tis worth all I have shown before,
Though towering genius we extol,
 We love the feeling heart much more.

“ If true benevolence is thine,
 If thou ’gainst self hast barred thy heart,
’Twill swell thy soul to deeds divine,
 And genius to thy mind impart.
Such was the Bard thy numbers laud
 Nor less the rest named in thy verse ;
They all had feeling hearts as broad
 And deep as this great universe.”

And last she bade me turn my eyes
 To Scotia’s ancient seat of kings,
And cried, “ Its fame shall never die.”
 “ Shall never die,” creation rings.
Then filling high a golden horn,
 Such as celestial beings drain.
Said, “ There my favourite Scott was born,
 Drink health to his immortal strain.

“And then, young soul, go thou sojourn
Thy weary hour with sons of men,
And if thou’dst e’er to me return,
Note what I’ve shown with truthful pen.”
I said, “Oh ! why must souls so bright
Oft toil through penury and care ? ”
She sighed, and like a meteor’s light,
Fled, and dissolved in upper air.

SONNET.

September smiled by lake, and stream, and hill,
And golden Autumn, the wide landscape o’er,
To bless mankind, its bounteous gifts did pour;
While one, retired and humble, to fulfil
Her mission, and our great Creator’s will,
The pangs of penury and labour bore,
And gave the world a son, one poet more,
Upon the summit of a windy hill,
Within a one-roomed cot, that stands forlorn,
From which the gusty wind had blown the door
Thus heralding with stress his natal morn ;
And as they had no money to restore
The storm-strewn frame-work that was rent
and torn,
Within a doorless cot was this poor poet born.

SONNET—ON HEARING THE BIRDS SING
IN MARCH.

Hail ! thrushes, linnets, larks, sweet feathery choir,
Lofty and lowly, when I hear you sing
A loving welcome to the coming spring,
It fills my bosom with poetic fire,
Enkindling thoughts that heavenward aspire,
Until I long to soar on seraph wing,
In gratitude to Him, of kings the King,
Who gives us flowers and birds and poets' lyre.
When join'd with Spring and all her new
born gifts,
Your woodland melodies, on sunny days,
Come warbled sweetly, 'mong the budding
sprays,
To my poor earth-cloy'd spirit ; then she lifts,
Perforce, her voice, responsive to your lays,
And mingles in the universal praise.

NED SLONE—A FACT.

There lived in this Christian nation,
From bustle of cities remote,
One who toiled in a lowly station,
One who all his long life had wrought.

Had wrought in the fields and the highways
For his shelter and daily bread,
And broke stones on commons and byways,
Not over well-cared for or fed.

And at last without friend or neighbour,
To yield him a mite from their store,
And too old and infirm to labour,
He had entered the workhouse door.

In the workhouse he found there's no eating,
Save you earn it by toil and by pain,
From hammers and stones no retreating,
Or the stern malediction of Cain.

"You'll rise, Ned, and work in the morning,"
The master went to him and said,
"And let my words, Sir, be a warning,
Men work here before they are fed."

Ned answered, "The mercy you mete me,
Who laboured for sixty long years,
And the way, sir, you're meaning to treat me,
Will make me face death without fears.

"I'm done, sir, I cannot work longer,
I spent all my strength ere I came,
Oh, had I but been a bit stronger,
I ne'er would have stooped to this shame.

“Yet if there be death in the waters,
That yonder run darkly below
The hard-hearted sons and the daughters
Of power shall not spurn me in woe.

“Long years I broke stones for a living,
With never a sigh nor a groan,
And now, when in need of their giving,
I find their hearts harder than stone.

“O, God of this Christian nation,
There surely is no reason why,
In hunger or deep degradation,
They ought thus to leave me to die.

“To perish in cold destitution,
Because I can't work any more,
They'll yet feel the stern retribution
Thy justice is keeping in store.”

He then wandered to the dark river,
And down to the bottom he slid.
Great Father of life the first giver,
O pardon the rash deed he did.

He could not bear want and oppression,
And when he had no strength for work,
By death he made truthful confession,
He'd not live a drone or a shirk.

No, no, he would perish much rather
Where all worldly cares could be drowned,
And go with his faults to his Father,
Where mercy is still to be found.

MAN'S MADE AND MOURNS.

INSCRIBED TO THOMAS DENWOOD, KESWICK.

When woods wore Autumn's robes of brown,
Along fair Derwent's streams,
I wandered forth one day at noon,
Indulging fancy's dreams.
The wild birds sang their sweetest notes ;
The bees humm'd in the fern ;
My mind was fill'd with pleasant thoughts ;
My heart had ceased to mourn.

Till I beheld a poor old man
All busy binding wheat,
Whose life had reached the lengthened span
Of eighty years complete.
His vigour, yielding to old age,
Was gone ne'er to return.
"Old man," I asked "what is your wage?"
He sighed, and seemed to mourn.

And then he said, "My pay is small,
But my old wife and I
Need not much now ; we, ere the fall
Of next year's leaf, may die.
My eightieth year, Jane's seventy-seventh,
Will never more return ;
And though I've toiled since my eleventh,
I still must toil or mourn."

"Must toil or mourn for what ?" I said ;
For he had paused and sighed.
He answered, "Mourn for daily bread,
Which toiling must provide.
Once for relief, when lame and poor,
I sought the Guardians stern ;
They, pointing to the workhouse door,
Left me in want to mourn.

"'Tis hard that I must sweat and toil,
So feeble, old and grey,
While some can sit and reap the spoil,
Who never wrought a day.
Oh ! when we're worn with want and care,
Us worse than dogs they spurn—
How can a human bosom bear
Such things and never mourn ?

“ Go, look round any mansion fair,
In all this wealthy land ;
There, dogs have better feed and care
Than paupers can command.
Humiliating, shameful truth,
This everyone may learn,
O'er which I wept hot tears in youth,
O'er which in age I mourn.

“ We'd seven sons, as honest boys
As e'er were born and bred ;
Their father's and their mother's joys—
But five, alas ! are dead.
Two went in merchant ships to sea,
And never did return ;
The murderous wars killed other three,
And left us here to mourn.

“ Two still at home are struggling hard
With poverty and care,
They reap the grain and till the sward,
To win their daily fare ;
And if they go to yonder wood,
Or stream, or wimpling burn,
To take wild fowl or fish for food,
Soon bitterly they'll mourn.

“ For, know, a few claim stream and land,
And all that swim and fly ;
These also make the laws that stand,
Debarring such as I.
If now they see you walking here,
They’ll force you to return ;
If you refuse you’ll find, I fear,
Still greater cause to mourn.

“ I was a man in mighty youth,
Who took the side of those
That boldly speak the naked truth
’Gainst tyrants and their laws.
They called me ‘ Red Republican,’
Who would all things upturn,
And, to a man, tried many a plan
To goad, and make me mourn.”

The old man ceased ; with heart and hand
Some trifling coins I gave.
He thanked me—he, in freedom’s land,
At eighty years, a slave—
A slave—ay, for he still must toil,
Or he and Jane sojourn,
Two paupers, after all their toil,
Where, parted, they must mourn.

Our teachers say, "Whom God hath joined
No man apart should tear."
Then where do men their pretext find
To part yon aged pair?
O, man! when will thy flinty heart,
From Burns the lesson learn,
"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn."

We parted, that old man and I;
And then, all ill at ease,
The lark I heard not in the sky,
Nor lowly humming bees,
Nor all the woodland's vocal choir;
My mind with thought did burn,
I wept not, for my heart was fire,
But I did deeply mourn.

And while I wandered on I thought,
Though plenty's in the land,
We find most men who're much o'erwrought
Can scarce enough command.
Here luxuries crown a hundred boards
That half-starved thousands earn:
While surfeit clogs creation's lords,
Grim want makes millions mourn.

Till misery touches every grade
Of human life below ;
And from the sceptre to the spade,
All feel the pangs of woe.
Though beauty's seen where'er we turn,
And though we say, sweet Burns,
That mankind was not made to mourn,
We know man's made and mourns.

THE PIT ON FIRE AND THE DYING
BOY'S VISION.

One summer's evening, calm and fair,
While desultory song
Of feathered minstrels filled the air,
And peace and joy seemed everywhere,
Six score and ten
Of brawny men,
In will and prowess strong,
From lowly homesteads of the north,
With willing hearts and hands came forth.

But they no martial aspect wore,
Nor came those men of worth
Forth, in vainglorious fight, to pour
The purple tide of human gore
Where brothers strike,
Unbrother-like,
Each other to the earth;
And thus, for honour's bubble breath,
Die or survive to worse than death.

They hurried forth to toil and sweat,
With all their manly might.
That many a wife and little pet
Might live—and live exempt from debt—

•

Down caverns dank,
Deep down, they sank,
To work in endless night.
Good honest souls ! ne'er thinking they
Might never more see light of day.

The song birds ceased with evening's fall,
And silence brooded round
The general world, at slumber's call,
In his embraces soft did roll.
Yet one poor wife,
'Mid calm and strife,
'Mid light and gloom profound,
Spent life with ceaseless patience mild,
In vigils o'er her dying child.

She was a wife, though nobly plann'd,
Too delicate in form
The penury and toil to stand,
That plebeians bear in Britain's land ;
And since to these
There came disease,
The long incessant storm
That beat upon their lowly shed
Had worn her heart-strings to a thread.

That night her boy slept like the dead,
And she, with seraph care,
Sat wistfully beside his bed,
And often, with uplifted head,
Said, "Jesus mild,
Oh! help my child."
This, this was all her prayer;
While tear-drops fill'd her languid eyes,
And oft she heaved deep heartfelt sighs.

While thus she sat in troubled mood,
All sudden, through the gloom,
Loud shrieks, by fearful cries pursued,
'Mid clattering, clanging tumults rude,
Came rolling nigh,
And rose more high,
Till, Oh, distressful doom!
She learns the pit her spouse explores,
On fire, like some volcano roars.

She starts, she falls, she faints away,
Her sick boy slumbers still,
While other four—for five had they—
From sleep upstarting, all dismay,

With terror's stare,
Rush here and there,
And out, without a will,
Where spiry flames in fury rise,
Grim horror lighting in all eyes.

Ah ! then were mingled with the wail
Of many an orphan dear,
The helpless widow's mournful tale,
And eager crowd's exciting rail,
The good man's sigh,
And lover's cry,
All pitiful to hear ;
For six score ten good hearts and brave
Had scooped their own death-beds or grave.

Some time-bent parents' only stay ;
Some lover's fount of bliss ;
And sick child's sire ; 'mid dark dismay,
All, all untimely swept away,
And good wife's pride,
And children's guide,
Who but last eve did kiss
And fondle them in harmless mirth,
Beside the peaceful cottage hearth.

The poor sick boy and mother, quite
Unconscious of their fate,
Lay till the grey dawn's misty light
Dispersed the sad eventful night,
The boy in sleep,
In stupor deep,
The mother—happy state !
If they might never wake to feel
The woe their waking must reveal.

But oft ere sorrow's cup we leave,
Its bitter dregs we drain,
She wakes—Oh ! and would fain deceive
Herself by striving to believe
'Twas but a dream
That thus did teem
Such seas of woe and pain,
A dream by anxious watchings wrought ;
But morning proved how false the thought.

For then, ah ! then, with throbbing heart,
And little eyes that wept,
Her four young helpless orphans start
Into her presence, and impart,

'Mid fluttering sighs
And piteous cries,
What they saw while she slept.
Of them, with all a mother's woe,
She begs their brother may not know.

Their brother wakes, and mother, sad,
Sits weeping by his side :
And when he looks she says, " my lad,"
Wiping her tears away, " I'm glad
This night thy sleep
Has been so deep,
It does thy good betide,"
" My good," replied the boy, with fears,
" Then, mother, why those sobs and tears ?

" Alas ! I doubt, though for my good,
'Tis not the good you think ;
For, oh ! methought this night I stood
Erect by Jordan's crystal flood,
While angels bright,
In robes of white,
From off the farther brink
Sang, ' Come, thou little child of God,
Come, come to fields by angels trod.'

“ But is my father working yet ?
For, Oh ! I saw him there,
And never, never can forget
The crown of gold, with pearls inlet,
While father smiled
On me, your child,
They put on him to wear ;
And tens of thousands sang in glee,
‘ Dear christian man, we welcome thee.’

“ Is father working yet ? he’s long ;
I wish that he were here,
For, oh ! just now I feel so strong,
And want to tell him of their song,
And all I saw,
For well I know
’Twill please my father dear.
He talked last eve of angel’s words
While we were listening to the birds.

“ Oh, mother ! father’s long,” he said ;
Her heart was like to break ;
Still, speechless, streaming tears she shed.
The boy then, pillowing his head,

Said, "Do not weep,
I want to sleep ;
Tell father when I wake,
That I will tell him all things then."
Poor boy ! he never woke again.

His mother saw, she saw him dead,
Nor murmured at the sight,
But trembling, pale and silent, led
Her weeping orphans to his bed,
And bade them kneel ;
Then, for their weal,
To God, in humble plight,
Heart-broken, breathed a faltering prayer,
And, dying, left them to His care.

THE TALE OF A TRANSPORT.

When yet in infancy the Temperance cause,
Like all great truths met with unnumbered foes,
When few had found, and fewer cared to find
That drink spreads boundless woe 'mong human
kind ;
When Bacchus was pronounced a god divine,

When priest and layman worshipped at his shrine,
And through the land the general feeling ran ;
“ A glass of Beer is good for any man ”—
Ah ! little thought they that one glass of beer,
Might be the cause of many a bitter tear,
And link on human hearts a demon's chain,
Enthralling half of Britain's wide domain.
Yet there were some in those long vanished times
Who could presage of present countless crimes,
Arising from that cherished source of woe,
Whence misery and vice unceasing flow.
And they, enlightened souls, alas too few,
Who dared maintain the right and boldly too,
Through seas of ignorance without dismay,
And storms of opposition fought their way,
And raised at last a fabric in the land,
A Temperance fabric that will ever stand
And grow in strength as rays of knowledge spread,
Till drink is swept from ways weak mortals tread.
To battle for the right, a few of those
Firm friends of good, but drink's most deadly foes.
Resolved, by kind and noble motives led,
To take up arms and bruise this serpent's head.
’Twas in a country place, that seemed apart
From numerous vices which corrupt the heart ;
But where the vice of drunkenness was king,
From which a thousand other vices spring.
To forward Temperance and gather strength,

An Abstinence Society at length
Those good men formed, and then a meeting held,
To learn how best drink's demon might be quell'd.
Though goodly numbers came from every part,
The Temperance cause moved scarce a single heart,
Some went to hear and others to be heard,
Fools went to jeer and laugh at every word,
And knaves to vent their venom, gall, and spleen;
While 'mongst the motley audience were seen,
Priests, drunkards, publicans—the last, of course,
Went armed with interest—a mighty force,
And bore away the laurels of the night
With arguments that please the appetite.
While truth's sound reason in the Temperance cause
Died on the ear mid murmurs not applause,
Till one came forth bent down with cares and years,
His deep sunk eyes and wan cheeks bathed in tears,
While long grey locks o'er his shrunk shoulders hung,
The small word "shame" fell faltering from his
tongue,
Then, with a tottering step and palsied hand
That held a stick he scarcely could command,
He feebly made his way as best he could
Towards the platform where the speakers stood,
And thus commenced his story to impart,
While much astonishment held every heart.
"Your pardon, strangers; I, like most of you,
Was happy once, and young, and well to do :

Ere thirty years of age I took a wife,
And settled in a quiet steady life.
I then was blessed and honoured, it is true,
Honoured and blest, though I'm a beggar now,
For in those buried years I kept a school,
Skirting a common by a mossy pool,
Where one huge oak that held its head aloof,
Its arms extended o'er my peaceful roof
A friendly shield when wintry tempests spurned,
A friendly shade when sultry summers burned,
And 'neath it often freed from school were seen
Loitering or sporting on the little green,
One hundred scholars from the country round,
All these were mine, and these my wishes crowned.
We taught them all, my wife and I, for she
Was learned and loving, and assisted me.
I loved my wife, I loved our little boy,
We had but one, our earthly hope and joy.
If I remember rightly, drinking then
Was scarce accounted wrong by holy men.
Nor had I then sunk down among the class
Of hopeless drunkards, though I took a glass ;
But one, alas, through time led on to two,
And more and more till I a drunkard grew,
Neglecting all the duties of my life,
My school, my home, my child, and loving wife.
All went to wreck, and desperate and distress'd,
I swallowed drink for solace to my breast,

My wife's long patience by long suffering broke,
And she one night a little harshly spoke ;
While fired with drink I raved more frantic still,
Seizing a knife I threatened I would kill.
My wife with terror, seeing my intent,
Fled from my house—Oh, God, how I repent :
She wildly fled mid wintry winds and sleet,
While our brave boy clung prostrate at my feet,
Imploring mercy—mercy was not there.
Tangling my fingers in his lovely hair,
I dragged him to the door, and cursing said :
'Out with thy mother, make the road thy bed,'
Still in his childish innocence he clung
Fast to the door, and, with imploring tongue,
My desperate will he manfully opposed ;
But frantic, with a clash the door I closed ;
And, oh ! cursed drink and demon passion wild,
I crushed a hand from off my only child,
Then madly pushed the bolt and fixed the door
On wife and child to open never more,
For my poor wife was found next morning dead,
Starved and heart-broken at our lone homestead.
Soon for my deeds inhuman I was sent
To toil in penal chains and banishment.
And, oh, my boy ! in penitence and tears,
I've mourned his unknown fate for twenty years."
He throbbing, paused, while through the meeting ran
A thrill of pity for the poor old man,

Yet there was one whose heavy, heaving breast,
Seemed much more moved than any of the rest.
A noble looking man, the foremost one
Who led this small band of reformers on.
He sat close by, and when the old man stopped,
Rushed to his arms and on his bosom dropped.
O'erpowered in tears, yet with what strength he'd left
Held forth his arm from which the hand was reft.
In grief the father smiled, then wept with joy,
And wildly shouted, "Oh, my boy, my boy."
Deep sympathy was seen in every face,
And scarce an eye unmoistened left the place ;
And many a convert that eventful night,
The old man's tale gained temperance and the right.

A VISION.

While lone I strayed by Derwent's side,
One Summer's eve, at twilight hour,
A female form methought I spied
Upon an ancient castle's tower.

Awhile she stood, and silent gazed
 Upon the wide domain around ;
But soon her eyes indignant blazed,
 And then were fixed in thought profound.

And then it seem'd her heart was hurt,
 For, looking on the mouldering walls,
She cried, " My children, why desert
 My lovely walks and spacious halls.

" Your sires were men with courage bold,
 And loved old Cumbria's beauties too ;
These halls held generous hearts of old ;
 This every grateful peasant knew.

" But now look round, and what prevails—
 Is silent desolation all ;
Alas ! no generous lord now hails
 The minstrel's song, the poor man's call.

" Now ruin gnaws my ancient seat,
 And want my toiling peasantry ;
When, when, my castle, shall we greet
 Another owner worthy thee.

She then turned to the lowly sheds,
Her eyes tear dimmed for what she saw,
And cried, "Sloth sleeps on downy beds
While toil lies crouched on squalid straw.

"Because wealth's minions, who teach
That all we hold's a sacred trust,
So seldom practice what they preach,
But hoard till death the yellow dust.

"While wide, half-cultivated plains,
Around my old deserted halls,
Feed game for lords, and famish swains,
To furnish sport for pleasure's calls.

"Yet, Oh! my wealthy sons, beware,
If that you love this lovely land,
Drive not my toilers to despair,
Nor crush them with want's iron hand.

"Know, sons, unworthy of your sires,
Not a bold peasantry half-fed,
Will face with patriotic fires,
Our foes as when your fathers led.

“Nor think they’ll toil and ne’er repine,
With scarce enough their babes to feed,
While sordid sons of Mammon’s line,
Grasp millions more than mortals need.

“How oft you see that those who dig
And drudge all day in ditch and drain,
Have wills as strong and minds as big
As lords who treat them with disdain.

“Yet trained to work in want’s stern school,
They find no means to plot and plan :
And seldom have a wish to rule,
Or trample on their fellow-man.

“There are, have been, and always will,
Exceptions be to every rule ;
And so it comes that some knave still
Seems proud to be a tyrant’s tool.

“Then, Oh ! let not all poor men be
Deemed like such isolated elf,
Whose heart’s full-strained humanity,
Ne’er reached beyond its grovelling self.

“ With scarce a wish above their sphere,
While blest with health and leave to toil,
Most poor men work from year to year,
Till kindly death concludes their moil.

“ Or feeble age comes early on,
By toil incessant, want, and care,
Oh, then, from them life’s joys are gone,
And what remains save dark despair ?

“ When man and wife who long have fought
Life’s battles bravely, side by side,
By want, down, down to paupers brought,
Yon dismal poorhouse must divide.

“ Some reap the gains and live at ease,
When others toil who starve the while ;
The noblest those, the meanest these,
Are called, alas ! in England’s Isle.

“ The peasant and the artisan
Will be but cyphers in the land,
Until the dignity of man
Springs from the works of mind and hand.

“ Why should the accident of birth,
A privilege give to titled knaves ?
There never will be peace on earth
While some are free, some semi-slaves.

“ Perchance, as some are wont, you’ll say
That here all honest men are free,
And when they work gain ample pay ;
That this is false the blind may see.

“ Half-fed, half-clad, they’re free to till,
To plough, to build, to weave, to carve ;
Yet only free when such you will ;
When such you will not, they must starve.

“ Yet patched and rough-spun clothes may hide,
The breast where beats a noble heart,
While he who struts in gilded pride,
May play a sordid, guilty part.

“ Then, Oh,” she cried, “ ye hardy poor,
Ne’er let a tyrant, stern and cold,
Like false miscreants make you cower,
Nor crush your independence bold.

“ Nor let intemperance snare your souls ;
 When harassed down with care and toil,
Fly not to Bacchanalian bowls,
 To drown your care or sooth your moil.

“ Half-fed at best, and half-employed,
 The drunkard's life is nought but care ;
For when it seems at times enjoyed,
 'Tis but the ravings of despair.

“ A boisterous and intemperate mirth,
 That numbs the brooding, careworn mind ;
To give a thousand horrors birth,
 And leave unnumbered stings behind.

“ Yet statesmen nurse this cursed stain ;
 And some of these, my heartless sons,
Care less for poor men by drink slain,
 Than game they slaughter with their guns.

“ Woe to the country where they brew,
 In noisome vats and simmering stills,
To raise a national revenue,
 This poison that its thousands kills.

“Woe to the land where laws protect
Hare, fish and fowl, while poor men sink
Into the grave of cold neglect,
Or that enslaving demon, drink.

“Here shreds of feudal laws must be,
Laws that degrade and torture men ;
But for the sport and luxury
Of one in every ten times ten.

“For if a peasant of our isle
Kills fish or game his babes to feed,
He’s dragg’d into a durance vile,
Though pinching want may prompt the deed.

“Had men of wealth awhile to bear,
What poor men suffer for their sakes ;
With want-worn toil they’d surely share,
What now their pampered splendour takes.

“Her bounteous gifts great nature showered,
First for the common good of all ;
But some by guile the rest o’erpowered,
And seized earth’s great and varied ball.

“ And now some think, oh ! strange such greed,
Should blind and mar their mortal sight ;
Lands, streams, and each wild thing they breed,
A squire’s or lord’s exclusive right.

“ Yet if the darkest hour of night,
Is that one just before the dawn ;
My peasants soon will feel their might,
By making their right feelings known.

“ They’ll claim true freedom and the plough,
A fair day’s work, a fair day’s pay ; ”
She cried, “ they want no more of you,”
And like a dream she passed away.



FAREWELL.

Companions of childhood,
A long, long farewell,
Adieu meadow, wild wood,
Stream, mountain and dell,
Where ended, where started,
My innocent mirth,

With creatures departed,
Forever from earth.
Dear fair little creatures
Born only to vie
In mildness of features,
A season and die,
And others still trailing
Through life's lengthen'd span,
Outpouring, inhaling,
The miseries of man,
Still striving to conquer,
When like to prevail,
Losing compass or anchor,
Or rudder or sail.
Midst night winds wild howling,
And slap slaping rain,
The heavens dark scowling,
And deep booming main.
Like me, perchance rolling,
O'er misery's rough waves,
And struggling and sprawling,
On, on to their graves.
Oh, deeply depressing,
Is sorrow's rude gale.
But hold this digressing,
But lengthens its wail.
Companions of childhood,
A long, last farewell,

Adieu meadow, wild wood,
Stream, mountain and dell.
My birthplace, my nation,
Farewell, I must roam,
Some far distant station,
Shall hence be my home.
Ah! no more shall dingle,
Cleft, wildwood and plain,
Our merry shouts mingle,
Our glad notes retain.
For now we must sever,
My birthplace from me,
Be parted for ever,
By mountain and sea.
But how far soever,
From this I'm removed,
Forget I will never,
Those dear ones I loved.
Then youths noble minded,
Congenial of heart,
Whom self seldom blinded,
Who played a true part.
Know when life's December,
Is closing these eyes,
Still, still I'll remember,
And bless you in sighs.

A GRACE.

O God accept our grateful thanks,
For this our bounteous store,
O, that Thy creatures of all ranks,
Were thus provided for.
Yet if it please Thee hence to give
Us less and others more,
May we Thy gifts with thanks receive,
And grateful still adore.



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